

Volume 8, Issue 16

March 2, 1994

STUDENT REVIEW

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



Saving Mother Earth: see pages 6-7

Letters

He glanced at his watch hoping it was almost time to arrive at his destination—as he looked up he saw her.
Captivated, he found himself staring. She was compelling—fresh, composed, beautiful. But it was undoubtedly her hair that was amazing to him.
It took him back to warm summer days, fields of golden wheat, honey drizzling from a spoon, the color of the sun. It spilled down her back like a cascade of sunlight showering through a grove of trees.
He found himself smiling and longing for summer. As she passed him on the way out he could swear he smelled honeysuckle & jasmine.
He smiled, enjoying the last few moments with her next to him as they made their way out into the cold dark night.

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Get the Facts Straight

Dear Editor:

Bryan Waterman's essay on Signature Books (*Student Review* 8/15) contains several errors of fact and innuendo.

For example, Waterman claims that the label "Korihor Press" was "originally applied to [Signature Books] by a BYU religion professor in a book review." What the review actually did was present a point by point comparison between Korihor's assumptions and those held by many Signature authors. While Signature has insisted that this was an unpleasant thing to do, no one at Signature Books has ever disputed the accuracy of the comparison. In fact, as far as we know, the specific phrase "Korihor Press" was first applied to Signature Books as an ironic joke in response to this review by people associated with Signature Books itself. This is instructive, since it seems to demonstrate that Mr. Waterman's source for this phrase was not the book review itself but rather one of his informants from Signature Books.

According to Waterman, the Signature staff insists that "their attorney merely asked for an apology," rather than attempting to suppress the opinions of several scholars and intellectuals who wrote negative reviews of Signature publications. (See *Review of Books on the Book of Mormon* [hereafter RBBM] vol. 3 [1991] 52-80, 261-318, available at the bookstore.) We find this puzzling. Does Signature always conduct its correspondence through lawyers? What should one think when a hired lawyer demands an "apology" for "libel?" If the letter from Signature Books did not represent an attempt at legal intimidation, why did they not simply send an ordinary letter? (See Daniel Peterson's "Questions to Legal Answers," in RBBM 4:vii-lxxvi for a documented account of this incident.)

Waterman's claim that "criticism from conservative quarters seems blind to the diversity of Signature's titles," is another indication that he relies on Signature propagandists for his information. He apparently failed to interview any of these so-called "conservative critics," or to read their writings. For example, Professor Peterson expressly wrote, "I wish to make myself entirely clear at this point.... I do not by any means intend to say that every [Signature publication] is wholly without value.... And it should be pointed out that a substantial number of Signature's efforts have been both significant and free of any evident agenda." Professor Peterson went on to mention several Signature books which he found to be "valuable contributions to Latter-day Saint literature" (RBBM 4:li-iii). Where is the "blind[ness] to the diversity of Signature's titles" that Waterman claims to see in "conservative critics?"

Waterman's statement that "Signature also has published titles by non-LDS authors whose conclusions question basic LDS faith-claims," is simply the spin that Signature apologists would like to put on the fact that they publish the work of anti-Mormons. As Professor Peterson states in his new essay entitled "Text and Context": "In 1991, Signature Books claimed to find that the epithet 'anti-Mormon' was libelous when applied to some of its authors. What, then, should we conclude from page six of the 1993-1994 Signature catalog? It announces the forthcoming publication of a book by the late Reverend Wesley P. Walters and the still-active H. Michael Marquardt.... If Walters and Marquardt are not anti-Mormons, there are none." (RBBM 6/1 [1994] which is now available in the BYU bookstore.)

Denigrating scholarly and intellectual opponents of Signature Books as "the Jack Weyland audience" is pure name-calling. However, Waterman's description of "Signature's chief critics" as the "ultra-orthodox ... F.A.R.M.S. [Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies] crowd" is remarkably revealing of the world-view of Signature apologists. Is Waterman implying that Signature represents the voice of moderate Mormonism? What precisely about FARMS is "ultra-orthodox?" That we believe that there is a God—a belief not shared by some Signature authors? That we believe that Joseph Smith really saw God and restored the Gospel—a belief not shared by many Signature authors? Or is it that we believe that there really was an angel Moroni who gave golden plates to Joseph Smith—a belief not shared by most Signature writers on the Book of Mormon? Which of these ideas are "ultra-orthodox?" Are the opposite propositions representative of mainstream Mormonism? Can Waterman describe the "ultra-liberal" position on these issues? If Signature's position is moderate, what is the liberal position?

Sincerely,

Daniel C. Peterson
William J. Hamblin

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Send submissions, letters, and subscription requests (\$15 a year) to: *Student Review*, P.O. Box 2217, Provo, UT 84603. Or call us at 377-2980.

Student Review is an independent student publication serving Provo's student community. Because *SR* is an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or The 1994 World Peace Mt. Everest Expedition

An Interview with Laurel Thatcher Ulrich: LDS Pulitzer Prize Winner

Laural Thatcher Ulrich, professor of history at the University of New Hampshire, became the first Latter-day Saint to win a Pulitzer Prize when her 1991 book *A Midwife's Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard* received that award. Professor Ulrich is a founding contributor to *Exponent II*, a Mormon feminist publication based in Boston, named after the official LDS women's publication of the nineteenth century. In January, Professor Ulrich spoke in Salt Lake to the Association of Mormon Letters, after being denied twice an opportunity to speak at BYU. The afternoon following her AML speech, "Clio Meets Elijah in the Family History Center," we sat on the mezzanine of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building in Salt Lake, listening to Mormon hymns performed on a harp below, and talked about her work. Student Review thanks her for taking the time for this interview.

SR: In the last few years, every time I've seen your name it's prefaced either by "Mormon feminist" or "Mormon Pulitzer Prize winner"; what do these terms mean to you and what do they say about you?

LTU: That's a good question. Let's start with "Mormon feminist," because I recently completed an essay in which I talk about what it means to be a Mormon feminist. To me, it means being committed to the dignity and worth and equality of everyone, and to see that commitment as being not only compatible with the gospel, but really part of the gospel. I use the scripture in the Book of Mormon where Lehi talks about the Fall and the importance of the Redemption that we are to act, and not be acted upon, which seems so congruent with the modern feminist notion that you be a subject and not an object. I suppose to be a *Mormon* feminist means not only a belief that equality between the sexes is part of the gospel, but to recognize that there are ways in which we don't live up to those ideals in the Church. So it involves both the philosophy and an attitude toward change so that we can live more in accordance with the gospel.

SR: What are the roots of your own Mormon feminism?

LTU: Well, I was raised in the Church, a descendant of pioneers (both handcart and covered wagon), but I think I became interested in women's issues when I had my first child. It was an interesting experience. I was right out of college (I was married when I was still in college; these were the 50s and people got married pretty young; maybe they still do in Utah), I was married at twenty and had my first baby when I was twenty-two. We had just moved to Massachusetts, and I didn't have a language or a set of concepts to apply to what I was feeling, but I recognized a great need to be *me*, and to develop my gifts as a person, and that came with an overpowering commitment to my children, not wanting to see those things as in opposition, but feeling they were somehow. I had the naive idea that you did well in school and you developed yourself, and you were independent, and you did your best, and then you married and had children and lived happily ever after. And I never thought about the relationship between taking care of my family, being a wife and mother, and continuing my own personal development.

In the 60s I remember reading [Betty Friedan's] *The Feminine Mystique* hot off the press. I go back now and see aspects of that book that seem historically naive I can really historicize it but the thing that struck me so powerfully then was her notion that you shouldn't have to choose between self-development and taking care of others. That's probably not what everyone got out of that book, but that's what I got out of it. It was a very long quest, at least a decade, where I was exploring that issue, and by 1970 I was in a women's group, all LDS women, in Massachusetts (the same group that eventually founded *Exponent II*). It was kind of a consciousness-raising group of the period, where we talked about our lives and taught each other how to be ourselves, and how also to be Mormon.

SR: At this point had you completed your degrees?

LTU: I graduated in June of 1960 with my bachelor's and had my first child in October, so I did have an education. I threw myself absolutely and whole-heartedly into church work. And it was a wonderful experience; I got another education just teaching in the Church. I had a church assignment to do this little guide book to Boston, a Relief Society project, and it was a marvelous opportunity for me to discover I could use bits and pieces of time to accomplish something significant. Then I started, after *Beginner's Boston*, going to school part-time, one course at a time five years to do a one year program for a master's. After we moved to New Hampshire in 1970 I started again very part-time, and it took me eight or nine years to get my Ph.D.

But I was a different person then. I remember when I went in to talk to the man who became my Ph.D. advisor. He asked me what my ultimate objective was and I said I wanted to write, and I thought I might do better with a little education. I was a faculty wife, and tuition was cheap, and I was interested in what I could learn there. And he said, "Well, these are good goals. But I have an idea that as you go through your program these goals will change." And he was right. It was a long process, but in learning more and being part of that scholarly community I began to have somewhat different goals and to think of myself as a professional, and to realize it was wonderfully rewarding and that I could do it.

SR: What is your family's history through the years it took you to get your degree?

LTU: Like I said, my oldest child was born right after I graduated from college, and my youngest child was born in 1975, and I took my Ph.D. exams when she was just ten months old. I spent the first ten months of her life reading whenever I had a spare moment. My children joke that they saw a book before they saw their mother's face, because I always nursed my babies with a book in hand. They're all bookworms. But I did not have a full-time, intense career when I was raising my children; I integrated it. My oldest son has written an essay about coming downstairs in the morning and the blender is whirring and the toaster has popped up and the clothes are in the dryer unfolded and I'm

frantically finishing my last word on a paper to hand in that afternoon. He wrote about how he learned how to be a homemaker out of desperation. It was a terrific essay, I was very proud of it, and it was published in *Exponent*, sort of "How I Want to be a Homemaker I'm the Son of a Feminist Mother." So I said, "Okay, so I didn't always get your shirts out of the dryer, but I taught you how to write."

SR: If you had to do it again, if you were just graduating with your B.A. now, expecting your first child, would you try to alternate your educational goals more evenly with your husband's?

LTU: Yes. You know, the world doesn't make it easy to do that, and it is interesting for me to watch my children now in the choices they're making. My sons, I think, are very well-prepared for egalitarian marriages. Only one of my sons is married, but he's a wonderful parent, and his wife's a wonderful parent. They do have a very young baby, and it's going to be interesting to see how they juggle all that, because they are both college professors. They will use child-care more than I did, but I think they will be better parents than I was. They are much more mature. It will be harder than they imagine to juggle it, I know. I have a daughter who has worked part-time and full-time, and she has two children, four and two. She's now full-time at home with those children; she's developing more free-lance work, but she really wants to be home with her children, and because of the nature of her husband's career they decided it would be best for their family. So you have two different models: one, which is more of a shared load, both

pursuing their careers, taking turns, child-care part of the day, and the other where my daughter is there ten hours of the day, maybe starting a company, but that will change over their lifetimes, too.

SR: BYU over the last three years has become quite a polarized community, and part of that polarization has involved you even though you haven't been there.

LTU: Right. I feel very, very sad about that, even though I'm a graduate of the University of Utah, because it's a church school and it's my church, and children of my dear, dear friends are there. It was wonderful when I was on campus to see another generation coming along. I think BYU has a marvelous student body that just glows. And I don't think of myself as a polarizing person; in fact, in my life, my work, my family, my department and in the historical community, I'm considered the person who gets along with everybody and mediates, often, between competing factions. I really cherish that. I have immense respect for traditional women. I write about traditional women; that is my research. I've never felt I was someone who was trying to denigrate in any way women's choices whatever they might be. It seems ironic that someone who works on the subject matter I work on, and who's lived the kind of

life I have, would be caught in the middle of this argument. I personally regret that very much. I don't hold it against the university, and certainly not against the faculty and students. I just feel sad, and I wish I understood it better. I think there are many campuses that are polarized over issues—multiculturalism, feminism, gay rights, postmodern criticism—campuses are political places. It seems to me this has a lot to do with local politics, and less to do with the gospel.

SR: When the first denial came for you to speak at the women's conference, I remember you said to the Salt Lake Tribune that you were "puzzled" by the decision. Has anything worked itself out in your head since then?

LTU: I have heard many, many rumors, many second and third-hand accounts, but to this day I've had no information of any kind that can explain what happened or what it was I had supposedly done to have my name be not approved. And I've asked. Personally I've talked with people at BYU who seemed to be in a position to know, and my stake president went through the Church channels to see who might know, and there's been no response. No one has responded to that. I don't know what that suggests to me: either that there's nothing to tell, or that talking about it might create problems and make it more difficult to resolve the conflicts on BYU's campus. I think it has more to do with BYU than it has to do with me. But I feel bad about that; I think, and I don't want to sound arrogant, but I think that someone who's not there on the scene, and who has some credibility as a member of the church and also as a feminist, could be helpful. But maybe that's naive.

SR: In the current issue of *Sunstone* [December 1993], Jack Newell speculates that to deny you as a speaker could have come from a desire not to hold up a professionally successful woman as an example to other women in the Church, either to prevent them from feeling inadequate, or to prevent them from attempting to do the same things you have done.

LTU: Yes, and maybe more the first. One of the things that is so sad is the assumption that there's only one way to be a good person. I think in the abstract, if you asked any member of the Church, they would say, "Oh, no, there are many ways to be a good person." But I think sometimes we don't behave that way; we are threatened by other people's life choices. A woman who has twelve children feels threatened by a woman who has three, and a woman who has three feels threatened by someone who has twelve. That's just so sad. My personal experience with Mormon women is not in Utah, because I've lived all my adult life where Mormons are such a minority, and we love each other and get along. I don't see this polarization in my ward or stake Relief Society. I think the gospel brings us together rather than divides us. I don't understand the other mindset. I do want to say something, though, and I may be wrong, but I think there's a tendency in Mormon culture to make heroes out of people. And one of the things I think has happened through this tendency, unfortunately, is that there's an assumption that you need to be canonized somehow, so if you speak on the BYU campus you have to be the perfect role

see "Interview" on page 6

Top Twenty

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. full moons | 12. rich grandparents |
| 2. Pier 54 | 13. VW campers |
| 3. <i>Reality Bites</i> | 14. end of Harding/
Kerrigan blitz |
| 4. sledding | 15. packaging bubbles |
| 5. Flinstone vitamins | 16. Dave Letterman's
mom |
| 6. zero population | 17. 24-hour Taco Bell |
| 7. modems | 18. Lieutenant Frank
Drebbin |
| 8. shopping for a car | 19. Zingers |
| 9. parental visits | 20. cult movies |
| 10. Totally 80's | |
| 11. kickball | |

Bottom Ten

two midterms in one day, Easter paraphenalia, phone surveys, being careless, bleeding knuckles, Sunday chastity lectures, spies, skiing accidents, slush, lack of funds

Saturday Night at the Wilk

by Lee Andelin

Saturday evening my buddies and I were sitting in my dorm room with nothing to...um, I mean, we were hanging out in my off campus apartment trying to narrow down our options of plans for the night. Eventually we decided to go to the Wilk. That's right, we *decided* to go there. (We could have gone to any party in the Utah Valley if we wanted.) And we decided to walk there. We did it to cut down on pollution.

Once we were there, we decided to do some bowling. But they wouldn't put our names on the list for a lane. "Sorry, all full," they said. But that was alright. There's so much more besides bowling to do at the Wilk. It's a real fiesta on Saturday night. So we played video games. It only took me seven quarters to get my dune buggy fully loaded in "Ironman Off-Road." I was really kicking butt! I even beat the Ironman a few times. While in the video game room we saw some girls we know. They said they didn't want to disturb us as we looked intensely involved in our game, but asked if we would like to join them for the evening. We thanked them for the offer, but told them we had dates to pick up soon. They said, "That's cool, it's OK to have a guy's night out every once in a while"—whatever that was supposed to mean. They then mumbled something about being late for a party and left.

Of course, we didn't need them to have a good time. We did need something to do after we had conquered the "Ironman Off-Road" video game. Which brings me to the most valuable source of pleasure which can be found at the Wilk—the vibrator. Now don't think I'm being perverted or that I'm making this up. There really is a vibrator in the video game room. It's right by the entrance. I'll bet you have walked by it a million times. Though it is inconspicuous, it is the most important component of the Wilkinson Center.

Now let me explain how you can use this device for your pleasure. Step 1: Insert a quarter into the slot at the top of the machine. Step 2: Stand on the platform in front of the machine. The machine will start to vibrate like crazy. It requires no effort of your own. It's that simple. And a single quarter gives you a full minute of pure ecstasy as you stand atop this machine. According to my calculations, this means a full hour of pure ecstasy for a mere fifteen dollars.

There are several variations to the standard method, which if used properly, can greatly expand this machine's capacity to give you thrills. Variation 1: Sing while you stand on the machine. This will give your voice a wonderful vibrato effect. Variation 2: Sit on the machine. This will do inexplicable wonders to your bowels. Variation 3: Get all your buddies to stand on the vibrator at once. This allows you to share in the company of your friends, as well as making this experience more price efficient by allowing you to split the cost among yourselves. Needless to say, we tried all the variations that night. But alas, the fun had to end when we ran out of quarters.

The walk home was nice. It felt really good to prevent all those noxious carbon monoxides and lead nitrites from polluting the air. When we got home to our off-campus apartment, we called some women and invited them to come over. You see, we're allowed to do that because we live off campus. We stayed up really late talking with the women about our escapades of the night. We told them about all the Wilk had to offer and about what a good time we had, and it opened up their eyes. I think it impressed them 'cause they want to come with us next time.



MATTHEW
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WASTED
CHARACTERS

This column made possible by a grant from the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation, Mobil Oil, and readers like you.

The life of a humor columnist is a lonely one. Actually, that's not really true. I have many friends and even get some funky mail every now and then. How about this: the life of a humor columnist is a life of poverty. While this statement may not qualify for someone like Dave Barry, the rest of us are getting pretty skinny. I knew a guy last year who had a column in the *Daily Herald*; he got ten big whopping dollars each week. Needless to say, he got checks from his parents each month. As if that's not bad enough, I have a column in *Student Review* and I have never been paid a cent for my troubles. While I enjoy writing this column, I have been getting really hungry lately and I figure having a bunch of money would help cure this ailment.

The problem with trying to get money from the *Review* is quite simple: *Student Review* has no money. Oh sure, they have enough to print the paper and pay bills and do stuff like that, but that's about it. There's none left over to give to me. The other day I had the brilliant idea (I get *lots* of brilliant ideas) of getting a corporate sponsor for the column. You know how the Holiday Bowl is now called the Thrifty Rent-a-Car® Holiday Bowl, I figure we could do something like that for my column. Some company would give me wads of cash and I would work in references to the sponsor each week. Perhaps I could even change the title to something like "Matthew Workman's 4524 Wasted Twix™ Characters." I ran this idea by the ad staff and they reacted with an indifference usually found only in freshman who have been informed that skateboarding on campus is illegal. So that leaves me with the task of finding a sponsor. I'm not very motivated as a salesman; as a matter of fact I'm not even motivated enough to send in those Publisher's Clearinghouse forms anymore. Anyway, instead of hitting the pavement I figured it would be easier to make some very subtle references to companies with the hopes they will send me wads of cash out of appreciation. With that, here's this week's column. (All sponsors may send the loot to *Student Review*, c/o "I want to give Matt lots of money.")

THOSE WACKY HOUSES!

Have you guys heard about this new housing policy? It's out of control! As of this fall, BYU students will be required to live with other students. That's right, we're being segregated! BYU could learn a great deal from Smith's Food and Drug®. They've got the variety of a grocery store and the bigger sizes of a warehouse store. Not only that, but students and non-students alike are welcome to shop at Smith's®. Smith's® is two stores in one, Wow! (Now with One Hour film developing.)

Unfortunately, non-students will soon find themselves evicted from their homes to make way for this wonderful new policy. Isn't that crazy? While these tenants may feel wronged by the administration of BYU, they know that they always get a fair deal at Doug Smith Mazda®. That's right, at Doug Smith Mazda® you get the most money for your trade-in and a great deal on a new car. Don't miss their new location at 1900 North State Street in Provo.

I don't know what the big deal is with having non-student's living with students anyway. Most people live high standards anyway, so there shouldn't be any problems. Even if there was a slight standards violation, your non-student roommate could easily fix it at Allen Fraser Hair Company®. Provo's full service salon can take care of all your hair needs, (including BYU approved hair) just call for an appointment.

This housing situation is making many people unhappy, but they could easily cheer themselves up by enjoying a fine evening of entertainment at Mama's Cafe®. Mama's offers Provo's best local entertainment almost every night; call for this week's schedule. If live music isn't your thing, Mama's still offers some of the tastiest sandwiches around. If you can imagine it, Skip and Johnny can probably make it. Remember, nobody treats you like Mama's.

While I don't have all the solutions, I think BYU should back off and let us live with whoever we want. And another thing: Sonic Garden CD Exchange®, Nestlé Quik®, The Edge®, Pizza Hut®, The Record Collector® in Salt Lake City, Johnny B's Comedy Club®, your local Pepsi-Cola® bottler, Apple Computer®, The Chubb Group®, Gillette Razors®, CompuServe®, Ray's Cougar Service®. I'm sure you see my point.

The Great Birk Debate: Sock or No Sock

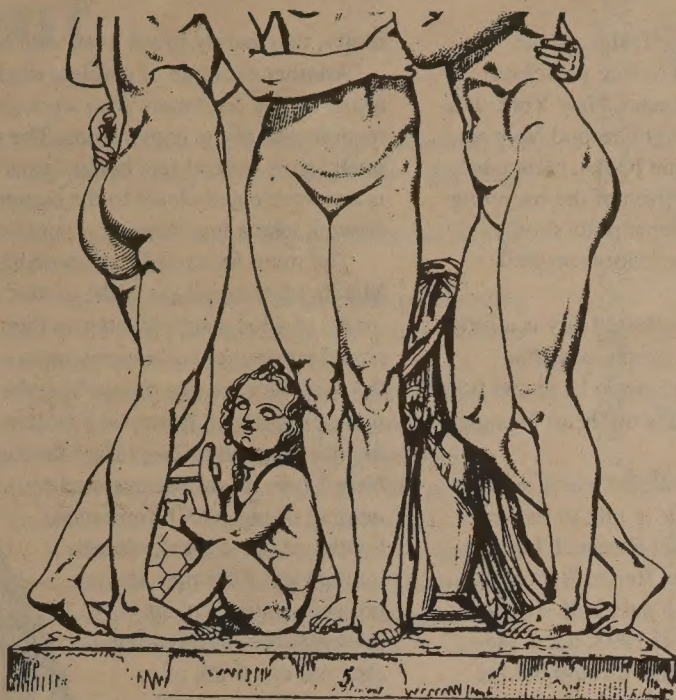
No Sock

by Jeremy Pickens

There is a serious problem here at BYU in relation to the dress code. I am confronted daily with such flagrant violations that I feign to recognize that I'm actually at the Lord's University. Now, before you ready yourself with arguments on why you should be allowed to keep that earring or why the "no beards" policy is ethnically discriminating, hear me out; I'm talking about something totally different: *Socks* and *Birkenstocks*. These two words may rhyme, but they don't belong together at all.

It has been about five years and countless re-solings since I bought my first and only pair of Birkenstocks. Before then they had never really appealed to me. I thought they were just another fashion, just another manner in which to dress oneself (and fashion, as I find myself agreeing with Oscar Wilde, "is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months"). The turning point came when my curiosity got the better of me. "Why do you always wear those things?" I asked a friend's mom one summer, for she and her husband were never seen without them. "Well, they're made to be made for you," was her reply. She continued, explaining that when you first buy Birkenstocks, the inside is covered with this fuzzy layer, quite comfortable to a bare foot. By the time you've worn off this fuzz, you've made deep enough impressions in the cork that it fits your bare foot exactly. If another person with the exact same foot size were to then try on your Birkenstock, the fitting would be quite awkward. Such self-moulded comfort is unsurpassed. I excitedly took her word on it and bought my pair.

I returned to high school the following fall and was greeted immediately by mocking shouts of "Hey, Jerma, where'dya get the "Jesus-walkers"? and "Can you tread upon water and calm storms with those things?" I'm from the San Francisco bay area, not too far from Berkeley (as if that has any bearing on things), but still not as many people outside of those on the U.C. campus and Telegraph avenue were found wearing Birks at that time. They certainly weren't the "90210" items they are today. As a result, many of my fellow students laughed openly. But times and fashions have changed. When I first noticed this I was thrilled to see that so many people had made the same discovery that I had, that Birkenstocks were the most comfortable footwear in existence. Then horror struck as I realized that no such enlightenment was present; everyone was



wearing their Birkenstocks with socks.

Fashion is fashion, and sometimes we must put up with its ugliness, but this time it had gone too far. This is You-Know-Who's University, and we have standards to uphold. See, the whole point in Birkenstocks is not how they look, but how they feel, and that feeling only comes when they are worn with a bare foot. How else is one to experience the thrill of "de-virginizing" one's own Birks, than by rubbing off the fuzz with one's bare foot? How are the Birks to mould to one's feet if the dimensions of the foot are blurred by socks?

With this in mind, I propose a new amendment to the Dress Code: No Socks with 'Stocks. Those choosing to ignore this rule would be denied services at the Wilkinson Center, or wouldn't be allowed into the dorm cafeterias. Furthermore, professors would be expected to report student infractions. Of course, because of extenuating medical circumstances, some people with say, irritable foot skin, would be allowed to wear socks. We would then have to print up a batch of "Sock Cards" for such people. Those wearing socks with Birkenstocks would have to present this card or they would not be admitted to the testing center.

This is the Lord's University; let's do it the way it was meant: take off your socks and stand proud in your "Jesus-walkers." And if it's winter, have the common sense and decency to retire your Birkenstocks for a season: don't try to prolong your wearing period by donning those thick, wool stockings. Leave your Birks in the closet and go buy yourself a pair of Ugg boots. If it had snowed in Israel, I'm sure that's what He would have done.

Sock

by Melissa Brooks

He has really nice toe hair. Long enough to braid. I love how the little curls wrap around the buckles of his Birkenstocks like vines twisting through a gazebo. Sexy....for a gorilla.

As for Pickens' suggestion to propose an additional amendment to Brigham Young University's Honor Code concerning the issue of discouraging students from wearing socks with Birkenstocks, I am strongly opposed.

Pickens complains of "fragrant violations" to the dress code when he watches students walk around campus wearing socks with their 'Stocks. Actually, the students that do not wear socks with their 'Stocks are not only hygienically wicked by displaying their excessive toe hair and flaking toenail polish but simultaneously violate the purpose of the Dress and Grooming Standard devised for men and women at Brigham Young University to "always be modest, neat, and clean." Toe hair is not neat.

First of all, proposing an amendment is ridiculous. We need ANOTHER Dress and Grooming Standard added to the current Honor Code policy like we need blue bags in the Testing Center. We don't.

Secondly, examine the health issue. Wearing socks with your Birkenstocks is a preventative measure by health conscious students. In the spring, students that wear socks with their 'Stocks preserve the layer that lines the bed of the cork sole by keeping their hot, sweaty feet from rubbing away the fuzz and leaving an indented track of foot grime and slime on the insole. And, if Birkenstocks are considered so wonderfully comfortable, why give them up for a pair of huge Ugg boots when December rolls around? In winter months, when skies are gray as Grandma's hair and snow falls regularly upon Happy Valley (well, at least it did last year), wise students avoid frostbite, early stages of hypothermia, nail avulsion and blisters by wearing a pair of wool socks.

Yes, Pickens, this is "You-Know-Who's University" and we do "have standards to uphold." Now, consider your provocative suggestions involved in the thrill of "de-virginizing" a pair of Birkenstocks "by rubbing off the fuzz with one's bare foot." Remember, by signing the Honor Code, students have already promised to "live chaste and virtuous lives." By wearing socks with their 'Stocks students are maintaining their commitment with the University.

And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus didn't have socks in Jerusalem and that is why he did not wear them. And if Eddie Bauer had patented his cotton/wool "ragg socks," Caesar Augustus would have sent out a decree that all the world should wear socks with his 'Stocks. And all would wear socks. And so it was.

And so it shall be.

Pure Country Hell

by Heather Bigley

A friend of mine told me that Country Western is God's music. I disagree. If God is going to listen to man-made tunes, he'd listen to the classics—Mozart, Wagner, Berlin, Hendrix. But what if my friend's right? Will we be country swinging on Kolob? I certainly hope not. That would make me a celestial wallflower.

I can't country dance, and it's not from lack of trying. I've had many friends, the nobility of their goal shining in their faces, take me in hand and try to teach me the Pretzel, the Window, etc. But all in vain.

We were at the Palace, that country dancing Mecca, when my futile tutelage began. It was my first experience at the Palace. I have never seen so many Wranglers and plastic belts since the third grade. The speakers were blaring Travis Tritt, and the floor was crowded. I was scared to death. Hiding behind a tall cowboy, I felt I would be safe from my country dance gurus. To no avail.

Brian found me. I was up against the wall, literally, with no where to run. He grabbed my hand, and, with the words "Hang on," I was suddenly in the midst of ten gallon hats and tight blue jeans. I don't even know what I did, just that it involved complex arm knots I couldn't get out of. "Wasn't that fun?" Brian asked me as we moved back to the wall. I glanced into the mirror and saw my face frosted with a frightened and confused glaze. Then there was Chad. He had the same moves as Brian, only they were double time. Gritting my teeth, and trying to move as fast as I could, I bumped into other swingin' couples. I had never realized how brutal dancing could be. By the second time my glasses were knocked off, I decided I needed a kinder, gentler dance style.

I had almost recovered when suddenly catcalls and boot stomping erupted all over the floor. Obviously, a popular favorite was beginning. To my horror, lines were forming. Not country line dancing! I tried to escape, yet Ben caught me. "Come on Heather. This is a fun one." Whimpering, I tried to move my feet like everyone else. But I was too slow. People ran into me from all sides. I was disrupting the line. GASP!

I managed to make it to the wall, where there was air and a comforting lack of flannel. I watched as my friends stomped across the floor and wiggled their hips. Then someone yelled, "Hey, next time let's go to Stagecoach. They have a mechanical bull there..." And that's when I ran out.

I know my friend is wrong. Country Western music will be used in outer darkness, not the celestial kingdom.



Issues & Opinions

Where Have All the Bottles Gone?

by Sara Broadbent

Sit down on your favorite chair. Get a bottle of Koala from the fridge. Make yourself comfortable. Close your eyes (Wait! Read this first before you close them!) and picture this scenario from my childhood in Rochester, New York: It's early on a crisp fall Thursday morning. Families throughout the neighborhood have set newspapers, glass bottles, plastic milk jugs, soup cans, old telephone books, cardboard boxes, and junk mail catalogs out by the curb in passionate anticipation of the recycling truck's arrival. The beige truck with separated recycling compartments pulls slowly around the corner, a veritable symbol of the respect for nature New York is so well known for.

Well, maybe our reputation for being one large polluted crime-infested city is a little more familiar to you. The fact remains that there are places where people consider recycling an integral part of life. Every time I drink a bottle of pop here in Utah and have to throw the bottle in the trash, an overwhelming wave of guilt seizes my heart because I know it doesn't have to be this way.

This past month I've been helping plan BYU's Environmental Week which will be March 7th through the 11th—mark your calendars. I had the chance to talk to Parker Blackman of the Salt Lake office of the United States Public Interest Research Groups (U.S. PIRGs). One of their major projects right now is the "Reduce, Reuse & Recycle Campaign". This includes encouraging congress and Bill Clinton to pass H.R. 1818/S.818, the National Beverage Container Reuse and Recycling Act of 1993, a.k.a. the "Bottle Bill." Essentially, the Bottle Bill would set up deposit systems throughout the nation. This means that when you buy that bottle of Koala, you'll pay 5 or 10 cents for the bottle, and by returning it, you'll get your pocket change back.

Right now nine states have state-wide Bottle Bills. (Three cheers for CT, DE, IA, MA, ME, MI, NY, OR, and VT.) In these states, 85-95% of the bottles with a deposit charge are returned for the credit. That's amazing success! Parker gave me some sad statistics though. In the United States, 90% of all the plastics recycled are recycled in these 9 states. So basically the rest of the country is throwing away its trash hoping some mythical garbage fairy will take it away. Sorry to burst your bubble, but it's not going to happen. Within the next 5 years, over 50% of our landfills will be full.

The Bottle Bills already in effect have been incredibly successful. The money from unclaimed deposits goes into a state fund to support further recycling programs. Some of the money goes to city governments to set up curb-side recycling programs. Some goes to individual grocers to help with the cost of receiving and processing the returned bottles and cans. This fund isn't petty cash. Michigan makes 34 million very productive dollars from deposits not collected annually.

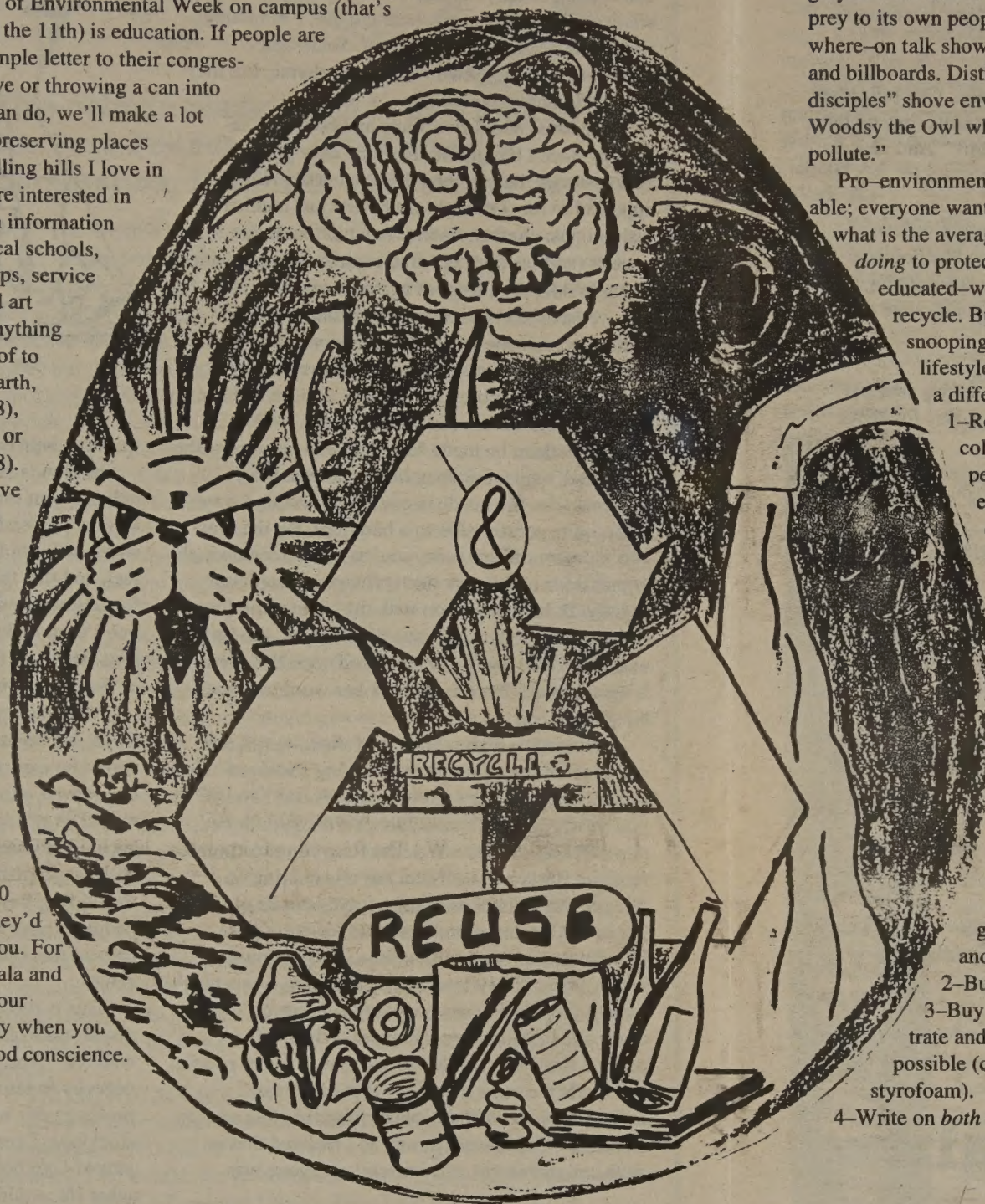
Last week my brother told me about his perspective on recycling during our childhood. He remembers collecting cans door to door to raise money for his Boy Scout troop. They generally made \$5/hour per person which, for say 20 scouts in 4 hours one Saturday morning, is an easy \$400.

BYU's recycling is actually very well-administrated by a conscientious staff. The biggest problem with the program is lack of public support, believe it or not. If students would show more interest, they would be more enthusiastic about expanding. (This is also the main reason the bookstore doesn't encourage recycling. Very few people care about it.) Also, if more people would recycle their cans on campus, the recycling program would have more funds with which to expand. As of yet, it isn't very profitable. Cur-

rently, they barely break even with the raw materials they collect.

Another example of careless neglect with respect to recycling on campus was related to me by my roommate who works a night custodial shift in the JKHB. She empties the trash in one of the copy rooms. The recycling bin is directly next to the copier while the trash can is several feet behind a person while they are using the copier. The recycling bin is accessible and closer to the copier, but without fail, people seem to find it easier to turn around, take a few steps, and put their unwanted copies in the trash.

The main focus of Environmental Week on campus (that's March 7th through the 11th) is education. If people are aware of what a simple letter to their congressional representative or throwing a can into the recycling bin can do, we'll make a lot more progress on preserving places like those green rolling hills I love in New York. If you're interested in helping us out with information booths, visits to local schools, outings and fieldtrips, service projects, music and art presentations, or anything else you can think of to preserve Mother Earth, call Kim (371-4578), Karrie (371-6317), or me, Sara (377-7228). Or call us if just have questions. We'd be happy to chat. When you write your representative or senator about the Bottle Bill, here's the address: The Honorable _____, United States House of Representatives or United States Senate, Washington, DC 20525 (for the House) or 20510 (for the Senate). They'd love to hear from you. For now, enjoy that Koala and keep the bottle in your cupboard for the day when you can recycle it in good conscience.



19 Ways to Save the Environment

by Michele Gallafent

Oozing landfills swell without limit. Garbage lines the streets. Acid rain drizzles. Rivers and lakes crawl with pollutants. The air is greyish-brown. We all know that the earth is falling prey to its own people. It's a major issue everywhere—on talk shows, advertisements, magazines, and billboards. Distinguished Ph.D.'s and "green disciples" shove enviro-talk down our throats, and Woody the Owl whoos "Give a hoot, don't pollute."

Pro-environment politics have become fashionable; everyone wants to wear the green label. Yet, what is the average American citizen actually doing to protect the environment? We've been educated—we know to recycle, recycle, recycle. But, are we doing it? After snooping around, I found some easy lifestyle changes that actually will make a difference.

1—Recycling. There are white and colored paper, as well as newspaper and aluminum recycling bins everywhere on campus. There is even a bin for plastic bags in the Twilight Zone at the BYU bookstore. Once a week make a collection in your apartment or dorm and someone can drop them off on the way to class. The Orem Albertson's takes cardboard, and Macey's accepts egg cartons. Bring your motor oil and antifreeze to Orem Public Works (955 N. 900 W.) The Recycling Corporation of America (2600 W. 900 S. SLC) takes plastics, clear glass, tin, corrugated cardboard, and paper.

2—Buy recycled products.

3—Buy everything in bulk or concentrate and choose natural containers if possible (cardboard egg cartons instead of styrofoam).

4—Write on both sides of the paper.

5—Reuse as much as possible: bags, aluminum foil, scrap paper, glass or plastic containers, gift wrap, boxes.

6—Use washable rags and sponges instead of paper towels or napkins.

7—Wrap sandwiches and lunch treats in reusable aluminum foil, biodegradable wax paper, or better yet, small reusable plastic containers.

8—Only run full dishwasher and laundry loads.

9—Don't let the faucet run while brushing your teeth (1 gallon of water drains in 60 seconds).

10—Buy white toilet paper (the dyes are pollutants—besides, colored toilet paper looks tacky).

11—Reduce water usage by putting a weighted plastic container or glass jar into the toilet tank.

12—Flush only when necessary—"If it's yellow let it mellow; if it's brown flush it down" is a handy slogan.

13—Take short showers and turn off water while shampooing.

14—Shower with a friend (Don't be shy, you can wear bathing suits).

15—Reduce junk mail: call or write to Mail Preference Service Direct Marketing Association 11 W 42nd St. P.O. Box 3861 New York, NY 10183-3861 (212) 768-7277

16—Check your tires—underinflated tires use more gas.

17—Turn down the furnace. Bundle up, wear thermals, or try body heat.

18—Walk or ride bikes whenever possible. Maybe you'll lose that extra five pounds or tone up those legs in the process. If you must drive, carpool. And don't idle the engine.

19—Eat from the bottom of the food chain. Grains and vegetables are produced with less energy than meats. They're healthier, too.

These are just a few simple ideas that will save our environment. Basically—recycle, avoid disposable products, produce less waste, and buy only what you need. Use common sense. Conserve our resources and "Help keep America looking good."

Reform for the 20th Century

by Jon Eliason

"Go West!" they said. Promises of free land sent thousands of settlers west searching for their fortunes. Many found the west inhospitable, extracted whatever they found of value and left. Others stayed behind. The open space and seemingly endless supply of natural resources beckoned.

Whether it was the timber, mining for precious metals, or the grazing of sheep and cattle on the vast prairies, money was there to be made. And God help those who got in the way. The truth was that there was no free land—someone else was already living on it. Millions of Native Americans were killed, others died of diseases introduced by the white settlers, and the Indians still alive were forced off the land of their nativity. Today we shamefully learn about how the early settlers stole the Native American's land, but in many ways our public lands are being stolen again.

After more than 100 years many of the same laws that control land management are still in place. The Mining law of 1872 is under reform, but if nothing is done 19th century laws may be governing a 21st century people. The Clinton Administration, with Secretary Bruce Babbitt leading the way, is attempting to make reforms in the management of our Western lands. Management of grazing lands, hard-rock

mining, and the timber industry has incorporated an emphasis of ecosystem protection as well. Conservationists applaud these efforts and hope that Western land management reform will be successful.

Taxpayers across the United States are being treated much like the American Indians were 100 years ago

Change has never come easy for the American people, but after one year in office the new administration is heading in the right direction. A reform bill for the antiquated Mining Law of 1872 is presently being worked out in Congress. Casualties have been incurred (Jim Baca, former head of Bureau of Land Management resigned February 3rd under pressure) but by year's end many hope to see real reform with grazing on our public lands. Finally, after more than two decades of below-cost timber harvesting of our forests, reform is in the woodwork.

Companies in search of hardrock minerals need to figure in the cost of cleanup before they extract our resources.

The Environmental Protection Agency already has too many Superfund sites that taxpayers are paying for.

Cattlemen can graze cattle on our public lands where permitted, but do they also have to own the valuable water rights; and can't they pay more than one fifth the cost to graze on private lands? Do we as taxpayers need to pay millions each year to kill the native predators that may be a threat to livestock?

Can the logging industry build its own roads, stop the extremely harmful clear cutting, and bail itself out when in financial trouble? Research by Robert Wolf, an ex-forest Service employee, shows that only 17 of our nation's forests currently being cut down are making a profit.

Right now, though lives are not threatened. Taxpayers across the United States are being treated much like the American Indians were 100 years ago, whose lands were taken for almost nothing. Our minerals are being taken, many times by foreign companies, for almost nothing. Public lands are grazed and in some cases over-grazed for pennies, and old-growth forests may soon be a thing of the past.

I support and hope that reform will continue here in the West, because of the belief that our public lands belong to everyone.

continued... Interview

model; or, if you're *not* accepted to speak on the BYU campus, you end up canonized by some other group, and I feel like a little bit of that has happened, that good friends in a well-meaning way made too much of my success, and maybe some other people in reaction have tried to diminish my success, and it all seems really strange.

I don't like hero worship. I can remember when I was a young mother and I would hear lessons about no success being able to compensate for failure in the home, and then the *Church News* would talk about some person who was living this unusual lifestyle, or someone you knew wasn't living gospel standards but who was a success in sports or entertainment, and I always thought that was a double standard, that we would value people for their honors in the world and not for who they were as an individual. So I have some sympathy for an institutional desire not to jump on the bandwagon and make a celebrity out of someone, and I really don't want that to happen to me. But I think, as brothers and sisters in the gospel, and I want to be treated like a sister who has some things to share, that maybe, if we could get away from hero-worship in the Church and at BYU and if we were a community where we could listen to lots of different kinds of voices, then this kind of problem wouldn't happen.

SR: *On a happier note, there is a way your work, being valued on its own, has influenced BYU students. Every semester at least one class uses A Midwife's Tale as a text; I've even seen it used in a class about personal narratives of Mormon women, even though Martha Ballard is not a Mormon woman. That kind of work could have been done using any of the plethora of Mormon women's narratives we have, and certainly it will act as a pattern for ways we can learn from these texts. If Clio, the traditional muse of history, and Elijah, the LDS patron saint of genealogy, can meet in the family history center, do*

you see your work branching into Mormon areas?

LTU: I really do, although I don't intend to become a specialist in Mormon history, because I really like working in the seventeenth century with its scarce sources, which is convenient because I live on the East coast. But I am working piecemeal, sometimes in the back of my mind, on a book in which I'll do a series of chapters out of my own family history. I will explicitly address my Mormon background and genealogy; I want to write about some very interesting diaries in my family, one a diary left by the sister-wife of my great grandmother, a biological sister and also married to the same man in polygamy; it's a diary that some of my relatives think should be destroyed because she talks about family squabbles. It's a very interesting, wonderful document. I want to write about stories my father and grandfather told me. I want to know about my grandmothers, who left nothing but a letter or two, and I want to see what I can learn about their lives. I think this book will also have an essay about my mother, who is 87, and who has Alzheimer's. We didn't realize it at first, but when she started losing her memory she started keeping notes on her calendars for about twelve years; so I have this very interesting, complex calendar diary from my mother. It won't be easy to write and I probably won't be able to do it until she dies. Overall, the theme will be that unless we come to terms with our families, with the history that has shaped us as individuals, the earth is smitten with a curse as Malachi says. We carry issues with us that can be healed by looking at the past. I don't know when I'll get that book done. It's hard for me to work on a project so autobiographical, because one of the things history does for me is take me out of myself and give me a broader perspective, and it feels very cloistering and smothering, sometimes, to be contemplating your own life too much. So I'll probably work on that bit by bit.

SR: *Thank you very much for your time.*

Issues & Opinions

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Arts & Letters

Ten Reasons Not to Kill Your Television

by Karen Armstrong

If you have already experienced the unsurpassable joys of watching *Seinfeld*, *The Simpsons*, and Letterman, and are desperately searching the dial for quality television entertainment, then search no further. I have painstakingly sifted through the garbage of the airwaves to find you programs that are worth both your time and your cable bill.

NETWORK TV

•**Austin City Limits** - PBS (KUED), 9:00 PM Sa, 6:00 PM Su

Contrary to popular belief, this is not just a venue for "Texas" music. It's a great place to pick up on new and old music that lies outside the fringe of Top 20, country, pop, and alternative.

•**Baywatch** - KJZZ 14, 7:00 PM T

Don't get me wrong here. I am not actually suggesting that you watch the entire episode. All you really need to see are the opening credits.

•**The Black Adder** - PBS (KUED, not KBYU) 10:00 PM Sa

Those of you who steadily refuse the company of PBS due to the preconception that it is entirely peopled with boring old English farts in moth-eaten tweed are in for a pleasant surprise. Very bawdy and campy, this is possibly the most brilliantly sick and wonderfully funny series since *The Young Ones*.

•**I'll Fly Away** - PBS (KUED), 8:00 PM F

Canceled by NBC, this show was rescued by PBS which funds its continuing production. About a family in the midst of the turmoil of the early sixties, *I'll Fly Away* makes pledging to the next PBS fund drive all the more worthwhile.

•**Mad About You** - NBC, 7:00 PM Th

Unfortunately placed opposite *The Simpsons*, *Mad About You* is almost completely unknown to most collegiate viewers. It's sort of the married version of *Seinfeld*, and is almost as funny. Try watching it during a *Simpsons* rerun.

•**The Mighty Morphin Power Rangers** - Fox, 7:30 AM M-F, 10:30 AM Sa

Half of this adventure show for kids is produced by an American production team, the other half by the Japanese. The result is the strangest amalgamation of high-tech video and shlocky Japanese B-movies that has ever been seen, complete with bad dubbing and rubber monsters.

•**Picket Fences** - CBS, 9:00 PM F

Winner of multiple Emmys and Golden Globes, this show is a more witty, dramatic, and sophisticated version of *Northern Exposure*. It is definitely worth watching even though CBS has inexplicably buried it on Friday night.

•**Sesame Street** - PBS (KUED), 3:00 PM M-F, (KBYU) 5:00 PM M-F

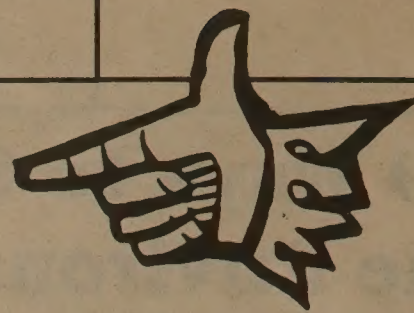
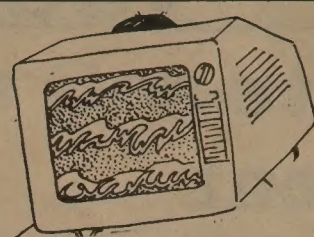
I know you're not six, but the show is still as good as it was those many years ago. It reminds us that there still is great educational television out there that won't turn us or our children into drooling, vapid, zombie-like purple dinosaur sycophants.

•**Take Two with Rod Decker** - NBC, 10:45 PM Su

Watch Utah lawmakers and lawbreakers join with Rascally Rod in discussing the issues that are really important to the state, such as "Naked Dancing in Utah."

•**Tiny Toons** - Fox, 3:30 PM M-F, 9:00 AM Sa

Keeping with the spirit of the old Warner Bros. cartoons, Stephen Spielberg's *Tiny Toons* contains jokes, puns and references that whiz over the heads of children but hit us right in the eye.



CABLE

(I have TCI. If you subscribe to another cable service, check your local listings for times and channel numbers.)

•**Club Dance** - TNN, 4:30 PM M-F

Sort of a country version of *Dance Party USA*. Sometimes it's just really good for our self image to see people dancing who don't look like they just graduated from the Kate Moss school of eating disorders or who thrust their genitalia into the camera. Hey, it's country, it's line dancin', it's *Club Dance*.

•**Furniture on the Mend** - TLC, 6:30 PM T, 10:30 am & 2:30 PM Sa

I can just see the pitch: "See, there's these two smart-ass guys from Philly. One refinishes furniture and the other guy's an upholsterer. You give them a half hour show, they do the furniture thing, make a lot of wisecracks and BINGO! Instant Ace award!" And yes, somehow, it works.

•**The Jon Stewart Show** - MTV, 5:00 PM M-F

David Letterman got the college market first. Now he appeals to my mother-in-law. Conan O'Brien should have picked up on the college audience, but instead he bored us with his NBC brown-nosing. Enter Jon Stewart, whose MTV talk show is beginning to snag a heap of a following among the collegiate set and is really quite good despite the fact that it's unfortunately only a half hour long.

•**The Larry Sanders Show** - HBO, 11:30 PM W

This is the *Spinal Tap* of talk shows. Garry Shandling created and stars in this satirical look at the backstage foibles of late night. It's the best and only reason to pay for HBO.

•**Liquid Television** - MTV, 9:30 PM Su

This is the only forum that television has for budding animators to showcase their work, and that is reason in itself to watch. But the animation is also always slick and very, very cool.

•**Mystery Science Theater 3000** ("MST3K") - Comedy Central, 8:00 PM Sa, 11:00 AM Su

The concept is ridiculous: watch while a guy and his two robots view extremely bad movies and talk to the screen. However, this is undoubtedly the best show on television, though we really can't explain how it is so great. You just have to watch and see for yourself. We warn you: This show is extremely addictive.

•**Politically Incorrect** - Comedy Central, 12:30 AM & 11:00 AM M-F

Where else could you see notorious Watergate architect-cum-radio personality G. Gordon Liddy argue politics with notorious drag queen-cum-playwright Harvey Fierstein? Only on this show, where comedian Bill Maher moderates the most potentially volatile and entertaining panel discussion ever to be tried on television. My only complaint is that it's only a half hour, and by the end of the show the guests have just barely begun to work up a head of steam.

•**Real Personal** - CNBC, 9:00 PM M-Su

If the daytime talk shows aren't embarrassing enough for you, try this show, where people with absolutely no shame talk about all their most private and personal problems and secrets.

•**The State** - MTV, 8:00 PM F

I was apprehensive at first, but *The State* quickly proved itself. Well-produced, phallus-free sketch comedy reminiscent of times of vintage *SCTV*, *The State* is as hilarious as SR's editorial staff would be if they were as clever as they thought they were.

The Off-Center Theatre Group Strikes Again

by Yvette Young

The Off-Center Theatre Group is exactly what its name suggests: off center. Their selection of plays and artistic design strays from classical theatre into what Artistic Director Eric Robertson calls "alternative" theatre. By this he means they perform original works of local playwrights, and plays which do not get exposure at BYU or at other local theatre groups.

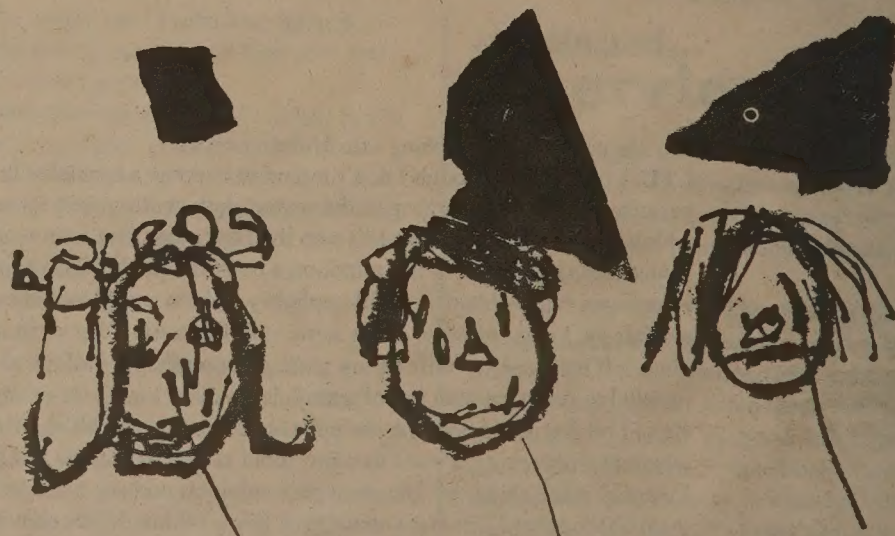
January's project was four one-act plays related to the theme "Puberty, Pain & Permission." The first play, "The King and Lady Beamon," (written and directed by Eric Robertson) played a jock in unwilling interaction with a social reject. Throughout the dialogue, "the King" would interrupt his or Lady's lines with a narration that described what was going on inside his head while he responded to Lady's strained attempts to befriend him. This narration served as a successful rejuvenation to the overused story of two stereotypes interacting.

The second play, "Andre's Mother," was an emotional portrayal of a funeral for a homosexual AIDS victim (Andre). Its strong acting and well-written monologues left the audience contemplative during the five minute intermission.

The last two plays took a more modern

and inventive approach to theatre. "Life of Mine," written by Eric Robertson was, according to the author, a representation of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, and what happens when they meet. Its characters were like wind-up toys, bumping into each other, but never understanding each other. Laurie waters the tree and prunes it, wanting to make its struggle easier. Conrad talks about the stage talking about the logical order of things, and trying to create an order. He prunes the tree so that it is symmetrical and lectures Laurie on the necessity and beauty of order and rules. Conrad, the obvious Taoist, rants about letting the tree go its own path, and when Conrad and Laurie, reconciled, exit, he lights the small tree afire for warmth. Robertson's caricatures of the three religions is both insightful and ironic in its portrayal.

"Sure Thing" was the most experimental of the works. It took a simple scene in which a man and a woman meet in a cafe and portrayed many possible outcomes of the meeting. At the sound of a small bell the actors would stop, back up a bit in the scene, make a slight change of line or tone, and proceed. This play demonstrated the actors' skill at their task and made a



delightful finale to the evening's alternate theatre.

The Off-Center Theatre group is always looking for new scripts and new actors. They choose their cast by open audition and audition times are posted at Brachman's, Mama's Cafe, and BYU. "Puberty, Pain & Permission" is the group's third show. They began producing plays in September 1993, starting with "The Slippery End" and followed by Barta Heiner's two person show "Memoir." Since their opening,

Robertson says they have had good response, including patronage from the Salt Lake arts community.

During the coming months the theatre will feature the comedy troupe *imProvo* and a performance of "Ain't Misbehavin'." For information about dates and times of upcoming performances look for flyers at Brachman's, Mama's Cafe, BYU, and in front of the Keep Theatre, 100 East and 100 North.

Love’s Letters Lost

by Emily Carlson

Now that the month of love waxes old, leaving behind bits and pieces of amour, the time has come to take these bits and pieces and transform them into the art they long to be. Snatch at these tiny inspirations, put them on paper, and send them to your favorite loved one. That’s right, write a letter.

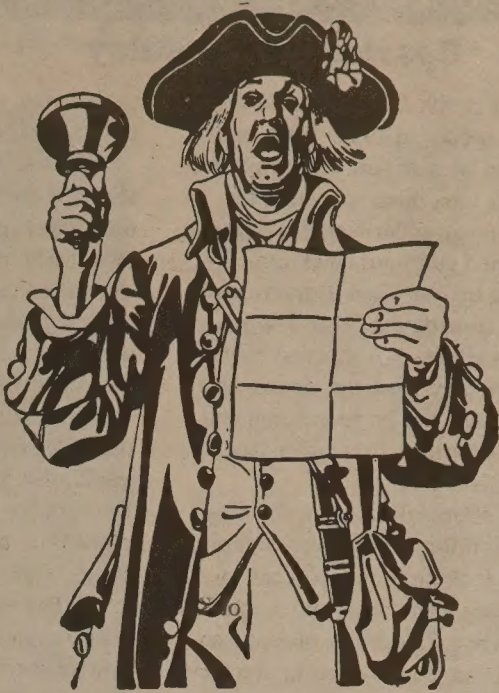
The art of letter writing—for indeed it is an art—has been around for centuries. Long before the cold and impersonal telephone, lovers and friends alike took up pen and paper and wrote about their lives, their loves, and their dreams, entrusting these fragile thoughts to even more fragile paper to be carried across fields, mountains, even oceans.

However, as time went on, technology reared its ugly head, squelching the need to put thoughts and feelings to paper. Communication turned to the spoken word, carelessly thought out, and, even when painfully beautiful and poetic, only lingering for a few moments before being dispersed forever. Words became less valued, less savoured. Irrelevancies hid the nut of the message. The art of expressing feelings and emotion began to die.

While it would seem the time of writing letters flies fast away, with a little effort, it can brought back to the ground and reality, adding poetry to anyone’s life. Linden Bateman, a blur in my high school memories, once said that the art of letter writing is not dead, it only lays dormant in the elegant tools of the letter: the ink pen and thick, creamy stationery. Think of the rich literary heritage we have today because the people of the past took up these tools, carefully crafting works of art for their loved ones.

It’s your turn now. You’ve read the love lines of your grandma’s youth, preserved forever on aging slips of paper. You’ve read Virginia Woolf’s and others’ great letters. Take from them your inspiration, transforming your own thoughts and feelings to the poetry of letters. The messages you write today will be the treasures waiting to be discovered in somebody’s future attic. Some day, someone else will swoon to your words of passion and weep to your words of mourning. You will leave them a legacy of yourself, enriching future lives and lives here in the present.

Save a quiet moment this week to bond with paper and pen. Write to you mother, your missionary, your friend, telling them the essences of your life right now. A few folds, a wet tongue across the envelope, and your poetry and soul will travel across space and time, leaving written proof of your labors of love.



The True Church of Flyfishing

by John C. Harper

Many things bring me closer to God—church, the scriptures, prayer, the beauty of my fiancé, General Conference—but few are as fun as flyfishing. My conversion, to flyfishing that is, occurred just a couple years ago. Coincidentally, it was only a short time after my conversion to the Church. My baptism took place in Oregon’s McKenzie River. Rod in hand, I lowered myself into the clear water and began the methodic motion called casting a dry fly. A dove didn’t descend, but a beautiful rainbow did strike my caddis, and from that moment I was a flyfisher.

My temporal existence before flyfishing ashes me now. The fishing I knew consisted of threading a worm on a hook, using a fishfinder and boat to float overhead of a school, lowering the worm and hook into the water, letting a trout swallow it into its gut, and then yanking its insides until the fish was on deck. No skill was involved, no art expressed. No fish lived past my contact to give pleasure to another. My pleasure only mattered, and destruction was my means.

Flyfishing, on the other hand, is an art. It does take skill. Flyfishing uses the higher law of catch and release. No more do I think only of myself, filling my creel with trout I couldn’t eat in a month. The fish I catch—lightly snagged in the lip with a barbless hook—live to be caught again. They live to breed more fish. Yes, maybe one fish comes home in the creel for dinner. But no longer will the woes of others be at my hand. And if I convert gentle anglers to my faith, more fish will be left in the water for me to catch as well. But my conversion to flyfishing was not of the mind alone, it was also of the soul. Because of my change in heart, the ways of my past abhor me now.

You must understand, if this world is truly God’s, and we are its stewards, then flyfishing is the ethically superior piscatorial pursuit. If, as Aristotle suggested, God is the prime mover who performs his function with perfection, then a fisher can best come closer to God by flyfishing. And a flyfisher can come closer to God by functioning as a better flyfisher.

In the eternal progression towards flyfishing perfection, I expect that beyond the veil the rivers contain an infinite number of pools, stillwater, riffles and runs. Surely, the trout are as long as one’s arm and as smart as one’s self. But leader will be the golden hair of angels and the insect hatches will blend in an eternal cycle. My casts will extend the breadth of the universe and when I catch a brilliant rainbow or crafty brown, it will feel no pain.

Poetry by Teresa M. Hall

Today

Look at my penny loafers.
See the two quarters Scott
put there in ‘89. Once, I thought
they were promises of bright silver
shining through leather-lips.

Today I wonder:
where will these shoes be after
I get married? After I have kids?
Will I think to explain to them
Scott and the quarters?

Will I tell them of the night
Scott forced me, in a sagging
two-story across town?
And the next day, how Susan
said she saw him at Lake Mead
with a different girl, a blonde girl.
A girl I never knew.

Will I tell them how that changed me?
How my men and penis perceptions and fear
of it all festers, and how the heat and dark
couch and ripped quilt and movie “Mississippi Burning”
burns?

I will tell them.
I will take out the quarters.
I will tell them.

Along the Great Basin Highway

Petals fall from his mouth,
their thin velvet ripping.
He has been eating wild roses.

The van idles, then coughs gray.
Red curtain tongues flap in broken windows.
Rocks laugh at me. I tear at air and weep.

The passerbys do not believe what they see.
They keep moving,
racing blind into the sky’s pink underbelly.

They do not understand.
When I call to them in remnants, raped,
they scream.

The roses are gone.
The light seeps into the blue sponge sky.
The stars stream across the attic window sill, jumping off.

Now, I am a withered woman.
I growl at him and bark.
I howl with rage in the falling dark.

Moon Pieces

Come visit as

The moon’s full ivory
smile shivers shards
of light over miles.

I walk through afternoons
alone, heavy tree-limbed
and falling to catch

Yesterday,
the moon’s sliver
of lemon pie screamed
silence naked to the eye.

time that kaleidoscopes
into lime, sours
today’s taste until you

Dissolve the moon
to a toothless shadow.

visit. I’ll meet you
at the gate, splintered
and rosebud empty.
Come fall,

The moon bares its
bald egg white eye.

while the days wash over
one another, spilling
into rust creeping color.

Consent

Like a yard of glossy green
fabric, unroll me on the kitchen table.
Smooth your fingers over the pattern,
stretching my flowers to span pale horizons.

Gather my corners to the center,
bury yourself in the folds.
Then iron my pleats with steam hot breath.
Pull me taut until I divide,
and your hands hold only silken threads.
Devour me until your fingers, ten tongues,
are raw with my texture.

Embed me in your rosegarden hands.
And remember: there’s tomorrow
left yet to cultivate.

Concert Preview

Jawbox

by Jay "Sparkplug" Bradley

Formed in '89, Jawbox has consistently produced guitar-laden tunes layered with driving drum rhythms and ensnaring bass lines, attracting the attention of music enthusiasts everywhere. The D.C.-based Dischord label immediately adopted the band and formed a close relationship, distributing seven Jawbox releases: two albums (*Grippe* and *Novelty*) and five 7" singles. Both the albums and singles laid down a solid foundation and prepared fans for their first major-label release on Atlantic.

After the release of *Novelty*, the band lost their first drummer and were left in hiatus while looking for a replacement. Switching from lead vocals and second guitar in Jawbox, J. Robbins played bass for another band, Pegboy, during the spring of '92. Meanwhile, bassist Kim Coletta and lead guitarist Bill Barbot continued to write songs together. After a short time Jawbox found Zach Barocas. "We first met Zach when he set up a show for us in Rochester [NY]," Robbins explains. "Later, while going to school here in D.C., he ended up living in the house where we practiced. When Adam left we waited and then decided that Zach was it." Jawbox shied away from releasing another full-length album, sticking instead to touring and producing a few singles. Zach first appeared in print on the *Jackpot* 7" and the group hasn't looked back since, signing on with Atlantic records.

After two years without an album, *For your own Special Sweetheart* was released February 7th. The disc offers an impressive array of sounds that do not diverge from the band's previous musical style. Five songs on the new album have existed in Jawbox's repertoire for about a year, including the extensively promoted "FF=66" and "Savory," and may be familiar with those who have seen Jawbox live. No single instrument or member stands out on any of their songs, building an even more powerful, unified sound. The cohesion of the musical elements is due to the group's open atmosphere and each member of the band contributing to the writing. "It has to be cooperative," explains Robbins. "While Bill and I, or Kim and I, write and work out a new song, Zach will be off writing the drums. Zach is very persnickety. He'll want the drums this way

or that way, and so we have to work out the end product together."

When it comes to creating the songs, Robbins focuses first on the music and then on the lyrics. "I believe in working out the melody and rhythm of a song first, as those parts are the most important. That sets the way for me to sing and the words will come later." Robbins normally possesses a very controlled style, complementing the distorted-but still-disciplined guitar. But on the opening of "FF=66" he drops the usual restraint and chomps at the bit to the sporadic rhythm of the song. "The drum rhythm on that song is actually three years old. Zach was working on it with his old band and they never really did anything with it. So when Zach joined Jawbox, we played around a bit and created what's there now."

The release of *For Your Own Special Sweetheart* has been shrouded in a mini-controversy over the ethics between independent and major labels. The ensuing questions over the band's switch to Atlantic prompted a press release from the label entitled "Jawbox Deals with the Big Dilemma: Indie vs. Major," and ending with the now infamous line "Can't we all just get along?" Despite the overblown issues, Robbins will miss some things about Dischord. "There was a relative ease of doing things. (No record obligations nor contracts.) We always had direct responsibility. (Dischord offers no tour support for bands, only distribution.) Also, Dischord's resources (Inner Ear studio, pressing facilities, etc.) were always available to us."

Still, the switch to a major hasn't left Jawbox yearning for days past. "Atlantic is really cool about everything," states Robbins. "I wanted to work with publicity more closely at first, but I was blown away by how huge Atlantic really is. There are a good number of people involved, and they all know and love the music they release. Hopefully these people are able to get the records out and make people aware of Jawbox even if they don't have a direct link to us."

When asked what he thought the future



might hold for Jawbox, Robbins replied, "It remains to be seen." After having to deal with the hounding questions on the band's views about signing to a major label, Robbins made this poignant statement: "Look, we're a band from Washington D.C. We put out some records on Dischord. Some bands share the same label as us but that shouldn't label them as anything, or let anyone make assumptions about them. It would be cool to see how people react simply because you are a band, regardless of any label affiliation."

When asked about their current club tour and whether or not they would play large shows in the near future, Robbins explained that they "take great pains not to be forced into any situation. We enjoy playing medium sized places with reasonable ticket prices. That won't change. I'm just skeptical whether 5000 seat shows will actually happen. It's really beyond my ability to imagine at this point. If we can't

control the price at a show we'll still play. Someone will bitch about the eighteen dollar charge for a show we didn't headline but the next night we'll probably turn around and do an eight dollar show." Robbins ended the interview and invited all the skeptical fans out to judge for themselves. "Everything negative in the future is beyond my ability to imagine right now. I'm more worried about the important 'what ifs' in life, such as: What if I don't get the van packed for the tour tonight? What if I can't get up to Baltimore to pick up my amp? Come to the show and support us for who we are and what you like about us."

J. Robbins interviewed by Jay Bradley and Adam Jacobsen.

Jawbox is playing in Salt Lake on March 2nd at Club DV8 with Gills Against Boys and Waterfront. The show is all ages. Tickets are \$8.00 and available at Raunch Records and the Heavy Metal Shop only.

The Unquenchable Sound of Insatiable

by Clay Callaway

Friday brings a delightful kick in the butt as Salt Lake's Insatiable returns to Provo. The band's delivery of ska, reggae, and funk thrilled Provo patrons when Insatiable played their first Provo date nearly eleven months ago opening for Bad Manners.

Insatiable provides show-goers with the opportunity for non-stop skanking-a-go-go. The band consists of Jeff Evans (vox, keyboards, and tenor sax), Zach Craigle (vox, guitar, and alto sax), Scott Terry (vox and bass), Andy Codrington (vox and trombone), Eddie Candland (trumpet), Matt Boemhe (trombone), Lou Lodefink (saxophones), and a new drummer, Bruce Van Wagenen. Insatiable has existed for about ten years, the latest phase for the past two. Originally limited to the Salt Lake bar circuit, Insatiable now ventures throughout the intermountain West. Newspapers from



the Deseret News to the Jackson Hole News have praised Insatiable. Private Eye Weekly's 1993 Music Poll named them Best Ska band in Utah, as witnessed by their opening for Utah's Skavoozee date last November.

Insatiable's bar background has developed their sound tremendously. The demands of bars require Insatiable to play three hours a pop. As a result, Insatiable has a huge arsenal of songs to rely on. Their musicianship and skill are unequaled by any band in the region, let alone any other Utah ska band. Covers of The Specials, The Selecter, Mighty

Mighty Bosstones, and Rico's "Jungle Beat" originally dominated Insatiable's sets, but have now been edged out by Insatiable originals such as "Stuff," "L.A. Rising," and "Free." Insatiable's variety comes out in their originals, as each song

has its own character. Strong James Brown-influenced funk transitions seamlessly into smooth reggae and likewise into hard-driving, distortion-dominated ska. The tight and forceful horn section provides the strength that Insatiable's vocals otherwise lack. Throughout their sets, Insatiable purveys the energy that most easily characterizes their music. Highlights of their live sets include all out horn bonanzas when two trombones, three saxes, and the trumpet join together to knock the crowds' collective block off.

The future for Insatiable includes an appearance on the Moon Records' double CD compilation "Skarmageddon" scheduled for release in March. Also in March, Insatiable will be releasing their own full length CD. Their six-song tape released last year sold out, so that should bode well for their CD. Catch Insatiable with Nectar and Irie Heights at the Meridian school this Friday, March 4 at 7:30 pm.

Stabbing Westward's Post-Industrialism

by Dave Seiter

“We love Salt Lake City,” says Stabbing Westward’s guitarist Stuart Zechman from his hotel in Cleveland. Other than having *Ungod* (their brand new Columbia debut) in my hand and their opening for Quicksand and Rage Against The Machine in Manhattan in recent memory, I don’t know much about the band—certainly not enough to conduct an intelligent interview. So I give Stuart the go-ahead to talk about whatever he wants. And he wants to talk about Salt Lake and about Stabbing Westward’s late November gig as openers for Front 242 at the Fairpark Coliseum. “That was the first real show where we felt like, ‘This is going to work!’ It was our first tour, we were just getting it together, and we were overwhelmed by the response we got in Salt Lake. We were signing autographs for the first time—it was a huge confidence builder.”

The current incarnation of Stabbing Westward began in Chicago in 1992. In the wake of an unfortunate string of events, Stuart met up with Christopher Hall (vocals and keyboards) in a diner at four AM one morning. The pair began playing the next day. They soon gathered a few other musicians, some of which they had previously worked with, and they began compiling material. When things began to fall into place, Stuart laid down the guitar tracks by himself in the studio and caught a flight to an island off the Carolina coast to hurry through a project to which he was previously committed. With Stuart back and the demo sent out, several indies began to court Stabbing Westward. Although the band was wary of corporate control, they decided to see what the majors had to offer.

Four days before a showcase for the industry big-wigs, Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails stole their original drummer. Fortunately, the band was able to get David Suycott, voted best drummer in Chicago, to fill in at the last minute. David learned the material and has stayed on ever since. The band seems to have no regrets about losing



Chris. “David is very important to the band’s sound,” Stuart wants to emphasize.

Stabbing Westward pulled the showcase off well enough for Columbia Records. The label was willing to give the band the artistic freedom they were looking for as well as the marketing capital that could expose them to a wider audience. So the match was made. “We were prepared for some A&R guy to come in and tell us to change that B flat to an A, but that never happened. We did everything we wanted,” says Stuart in reference to recording the album. Now that the band is beginning to see some success, Stuart laughs about the crashed hard drive, fire in the studio, loss of Chris, etc. It turns

out that many of their set-backs became blessings in disguise.

Though Stabbing Westward is influenced by eighties “alternative” such as The Cure, Daniel Ash, Gang of Four, and P.I.L., they were weaned primarily on local Chicago industrial. Taking cues from Ministry (with whom Stuart has worked with), My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult,

and Die Warsaw (whom Christopher toured with), the band builds on the industrial style the windy city is known for. But though the band won’t deny its roots, Stuart would rather call their music Post-Industrial. “It’s easy to recreate industrial elements. Our goal is to pick and choose from them and create a new kind of music—like when Ministry came out with *Land of Rape and Honey*.” Where Stabbing Westward succeeds most poignantly is in conquering industrial’s typically shallow, digital aspects. The group complements their synthesizers and sequencers with guitars and a traditional drum kit, as well as a couple large, free standing toms. The result is a layering of warm dissonance and tribal rhythms, with an analog, human-over-machine feel. In the end, it is more organic than electronic.

As the interview is coming to an end, I ask Stuart if there is anything else he wants to talk about. “A lot of people want to know where the name came from,” he says. “It was taken from the liner notes of some album. We don’t even know where anymore. But it’s purposefully ambiguous, not like ‘Fracture’ or some other name like that which would automatically relegate us to a particular genre.” And *Ungod*, the name of the album? “It’s not at all religious or spiritual. It’s just a name I made up for what the album is about. It’s about losing your mind, your identity, loving and hating too much—that state of mind.”

RUSH LIMBAUGH & HOWARD STERN FANS

(The following is the first paragraph of a 16 page special report.)

It is the position of this newsletter, that in the world’s mainstream media, “Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh are the only two voices of truth”. (Don Simpson, TIME magazine 11/1/93) It is also the position of this newsletter that these two firebrand orators are developing into a phenomenon unprecedented in the history of world communications. The center of which, is the New York media complex and Hollywood’s TV and film industry. A center that is heavily represented by the descendants of Judah and which now dominates the globe. And therefore, it is the position of this newsletter that these two are the literal fulfillment of the prophecy found in Revelations 11 that speaks of two witnesses in the last days who, “tormented them that dwelt on the earth”, for 1260 days and will destroy their enemies like, “fire proceedeth out of their mouth.” (TIME cover 11/1/93) That this will occur during a latter day period when, “the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months.” (1277 days) That this will take place in the ‘holy city’ of America’s ‘New Jerusalem’ that currently resembles in spirit, the decadence of ancient Sodom, the worldly sophistication of ancient Egypt, and is today the preeminent center of Jewish influence, as was ancient Jerusalem, “where also our Lord was crucified” (ver.8) That in deed, New York City is ‘Sodom and Egypt’ and today’s very religious Jerusalem is not a homosexual bastion or glamor capital, nor ever will be. That the Jewish Stern and the Anglo Saxon Limbaugh, who both have the same birth date of January 12th, are the “two olive trees, and the two candlesticks” that represent Judah and Ephraim. (ver.4) And furthermore, who’s enemies have died from cancer, seen their careers destroyed, and who are so terrified by these two, that a New York Times reporter marveled how one of their media enemies, PC queen Katie Couric, “physically shakes at the mere mention of Stern’s name.” (ver.5) That their predictions are uncannily accurate. (ver.3) That their warnings of social violence, new plagues, and economic draught, are already starting to unfold. (ver.6) And that the impact of their mission is being strongly felt in the influential Jewish community. (D&C77;15) A community that is almost on the verge of civil conflict with militant anti Semitic racist agitators, who’s multicultural factions may preside over these witnesses deaths. (ver.9) Who’s deaths will surely cause many liberals to “rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another.” One’s such as the Washington Post writer, who’s essay on 2/20/94 vilified Limbaugh, while in all seriousness urged his nervous liberal readership to “just stay calm”.

TO RECEIVE THIS FASCINATING BEHIND THE SCENES REPORT, from a TRUE insider who knows more about Limbaugh and Stern than they perhaps know about themselves, send \$5 to Witnesses Newsletter P.O. Box 8191 Bonney Lake, Wa 98390 (students, faculty, & alumni \$3)

Concert Preview

Chainsaw Kittens

Drawing from a passion for folk music and working in the milieu of rock ballads, Tyson Meade leads Chainsaw Kittens on an artistic journey through the pop-rock world.

After playing folk tunes in Oklahoma, Meade organized Chainsaw Kittens with the help of guitarist and best friend Trent Bell. The two have collaborated to create music that expresses the artistic dreams which Meade has written down on paper. “I was always yelled at by teachers in school,” says Meade. “I constantly dreamed as a kid and my trance-like episodes continue today. In fact, that’s how the song ‘Angel on the Range’ came about.”

The release of the *Angel on the Range* EP in 1993 contributed an even more emotional and melodic feel to the band’s repertoire with the help of Matt Johnson on bass and Eric Harmon on drums. The band’s third LP, *Pop Heiress*, is set for release in early March and includes additional stylistic changes. “I hope that with this album, people can kick back and be more receptive to our music and experience some emotion,” Meade explains. “The music has become more detailed and the lyrics more meaningful.” Both these qualities work to create the power of Chainsaw Kittens.

Currently out on tour with Iggy Pop, Chainsaw Kittens will be stopping in Salt Lake on March 9th at Club DV8. “Our earlier efforts were more high-performance rock. Our shows are still that way but people ought to be more relaxed and comfortable with these songs.” Look for *Pop Heiress* out on Mammoth Records and be sure and catch the show when it cuts through town.

Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Rebekah at 377-8960. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

International Cinema, Mar 1-5, My Father's Glory (French), Hip Hip Hoorah (Swedish), SWKT, BYU.
His Eye Is on the Sparrow, Mar 3 & 4, Faith Fellowship Hall, 1510 Richards St, SLC, commemorating Ethel Water by "Black History Dinner Theatre" call 595-0055 for tickets & times.
Society in a Nutshell, Mar 4 & 5, 7:30 pm, Another Language Studio, 345 W Pierpont Ave, performed by Another Language Dance Company, call 487-9505 or 531-9419 for tickets.
Varsity Theatre, Mar 4-10, Varsity I, Three Musketeers; March 4-7, Varsity II, The Nightmare Before Christmas.

The Swan, till Mar 5, 8 pm, Theatre Works West, Jewett Center 1250 East 1700 South, Westminster College, what happens when a swan becomes a man and falls in love with a woman, 583-6520, \$8-10.
K-2, till Mar 5, 8 pm, Theatre Works West, Jewett Center 1250 East 1700 South, Westminster College, a mountain adventure story of two climbers attempting one of the most unforgiving mountain peaks in the world, 583-6520, \$8-10.
Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company, Mar 7, 3:30 pm, Marriott Center for Dance at the U of U, film and lecture; Mar 11 & 12 look for modern performance at the Capital theater, 355-ARTS for tickets.
Rapunzel, till Mar 14, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.
Thus Spoke Zarathustra, thru March, Falling Skys Theatre, 1519 S Major St, SLC, 583-6414.
Scarlet Pimpernel, till Apr 4, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.
Bundle of Trouble, till April 11, Hale Center Theatre in Orem, 226 W 400 N, call 266-8600 for tickets and times.
1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are, starting Feb 10: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.
Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.
Carillon Square Theatres, Orem, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
International Cinema, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751.
Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.
Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.
Varsity Theatres, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311.
Villa Theatre, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

Jazz Festival, Mar 3, 7:30, presented by BYU Department of Music, for tickets & info call 378-4322.
Eddie Shaw, Mar 3 & 4, Scarpelli's Club, 427 Main St, Park City, blues musician, call 649-2625.
Insatiable, Nectar, and Irie Heights,

Mar 4, 7:30, Meridian School, 931E 300N, Provo.
Wildgrass, Mar 4, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E, Provo, bluegrass band, 373-1525.
The Samples, Mar 5, 7:30 pm, Saltair, exit 104 off I-80, tickets through Smith's Tixx 800-888-TIXX or 467-TIXX.
Jake, Mar 5, Cafe Haven, call 221-9910 for more info.
Swim Pigs, Mar 5, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E, Provo, 373-1525.
Utah Symphony, Mar 4 & 5, Abravanel Hall, performances of Schumann, Beethoven & Dvorak, call 355-NOTE.
Kim Simpson, and Quinn Luke, Mar 7, The Edge, 153W. Center. Provo, tickets at Sonic Garden and Greywhale, call 37-SONIC.
Iggy Pop with Chainsaw, Mar 9, Club DV8, 115 S West Temple, call 539-8400.
Jazz Piano Series with Dave Mckenna, Mar 9, 8 pm, Salt Lake Hilton, 532-3344 or 355-NOTE for tickets.

CLUB GUIDE (shows change nightly)

Bar & Grill, rock & alternative, 60 E 800 S (SLC), 533-0340.
Bourbon Street Bar & Grill, comedy, R & B, 241 S 500 E (SLC), 359-5905.
Cinema Bar at Spanky's, rock & alternative, 45 W Broadway (SLC), 359-1200.
D.B. Cooper's, jazz & acoustic, 19 E 200 S (SLC), 532-2948.
Dead Goat Saloon, rock & alternative, 165 S West Temple (SLC), 328-GOAT.
DV8, modern music & live bands, 115 S West Temple (SLC), 539-8400.
Gepetto's (Univ), jazz & acoustic, 230 S 1300 E (SLC), 583-1013.
Godfather's Pizza, local bands, 333 E 1300 S (Orem), 226-2040.
Green Parrot, rock & alternative, 155 W 200 S (SLC), 363-3201.
Green Street, rock & Sat. jazz, 610 Trolley Square (SLC), 532-4200.
Johnny B's Comedy Club, 300 S 117 W (Provo), 377-6910.
Mama's Cafe, local everything, 840 N 700 E (Provo), 373-1525.
Pie Pizzeria, jazz & acoustic, 1320 E 200 S (SLC), 582-0193.
Pier 54, jazz, blues, & other, 117 N University Ave (Provo), 377-5454.
Saltair, major concerts, exit 104 off I-80 (SLC), tickets at 1-800-888-TIXX.
Tropicana Club, live Latin American music, 1130 E 2100 S (SLC), 486-9559.
The Edge, 153 W Center St (Provo), 375-3131.
Zephyr Club, rock & alternative, 301 S West Temple (SLC), 355-CLUB.

EVENTS, ETC.

Golden Eagles, Mar 4-5, 7 pm, Delta Center, vs. Fort Wayne, 532-Gold for tickets.
Prints by the Nabis: Vuillard and His Contemporaries, till Mar 6, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U Art & Architecture Bldg, 381-7331.
Mime, Movement & Mask, Mar 6, Springdale O.C. Tanner Amphitheater, workshop by Jerry Gardner, call 772-3070 for info.
Whodunit, Mar 9-12, case of the missing heir, a role playing musical comedy, sponsored by 4th Wall, call 327-ELWC for tickets, \$11 & 378-5275 for info.
Snowboard Races, at Snowbird's new Multi-Terrain Snowboard Park,

call 521-6040 or 581-9606 for info on race dates.
Pow-Wow, Indian Walk-in Center, 120 W 1300 S, please bring a chair if only observing, for times/dates call 486-4877.

ONGOING

League of Utah Writers, 2nd Tuesdays, SLC Main Library, 6:45 pm, 467-2935.
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S State, SLC, shows include Laser U2, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Floyd, & others, 538-2098.
Jazz Vespers, Sundays, First Unitarian Church, 600 S 1300 E, 486-5729.

EDITOR'S PICK

This week is rather mellow. I would probably try to see the Society in a Nutshell dance performance at Another Language Studio on Friday night. And definitely don't miss Jake at Cafe Haven on Saturday night. Or, if like me, you don't feel like going out, tune into KRCL, 90.9 FM, with your lover or friends or strangers (whatever works). They play specialties at night, with Blues on Monday night from 8 pm - 1 am and Latin on Tuesday night. Aside from that, tune in for all kinds of music; whatever you like they are sure to play it some time during the week.



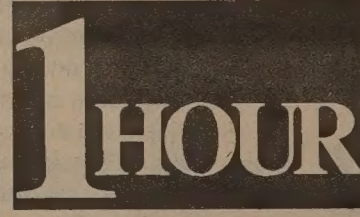
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